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EPISTOLA MACARONICA

AD FRATREM,

DE IIS QUÆ GESTA SUNT IN NUPERO DISSENTIENTIUM CONVENTU, LONDINI
HABITO; PRID. ID. FEBR. MDCCXC. ADJUNCTA EST VERSIO ANGLICA,
AD USUM DOMINARUM, DOMINORUMQUE RURICOLARUM.

A MACARONIC EPISTLE, &c.

WITH AN ENGLISH VERSION,

FOR THE USE OF

London

THE LADIES AND COUNTRY GENTLEMEN.

LONDINI.

VENALIS PROSTAT APUD. J. JOHNSON, AD ÆDES DIVI PAULI

MDCCXC.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO RARE

OF THE
HABIT
AND

A M. C. BROWN

WITH AN

THE LATE



AND

THE

TO THE READER.

HAVING been present at the late general meeting of Protestant Dissenters, at the London Tavern, I was struck with the idea, that it would be no improper subject for a Macaronic Poem.

It is the characteristic of a Macaronic Poem to be written in Latin Verse ; but so as to admit occasionally vernacular words, either in their native form, or with a Latin inflexion. Other licenses, too, are allowed, in the measures of the lines, contrary to the strict rules of Prosody ; of which, however, very few have been here indulged.

If the Muse have sometimes soared beyond the Macaronic sphere, it has been owing to the dignity of the subject ; which could not but raise her above her native mediocrity.

A friend having favoured the author with an *English version*, or rather with a second *original* (for it can hardly be called a mere *translation*) it has been subjoined, in this edition, for the use of the Ladies, and country Gentlemen.—Fare-well !

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EPISTOLA MACARONICA, &c.

REM magnam poscis, Frater carissime, cum vis
Me tibi quod said was, quod done was, quodque resolved was,
Nostro in Conventu generali, cunque referre.
Attamen I try will; modo Macaronica Musa
Faverit, et smoothos donarit condere versus.

Est locus in London (Londini dicta Taberna)
Insignis celebris; cives quo sæpe solemus
Eatere, et drinkare—et disceptare aliquando!
Hic, una in Halla magnaue altaque, treceni
Meetavere viri, ex diversis nomine sectis:

A MACARONIC EPISTLE, &c.

MY very dear Brother, a very hard thing
You wish me to do, when you wish me to sing
What was said and unsaid, was done and left undone,
Resolved, unresolved—at our Meeting in London.
Yet I'll try; if the dear Macaronian Muse
Do not in a pet her sweet succours refuse.

At London's famed Tavern, in Bishopsgate-street,
Where London's good citizens frequently meet
To eat and to drink—and, sometimes to dispute!
Three Hundred Dissenters, all men of repute,
Imagine assembled; the prime and elect
Of ev'ry dissentient Protestant sect:

Hi, quibus et cordi est audacis dogma Socini;
 Hi, quibus arident potius dictamina Arii;
 Hi, qui Calvinii mysteria dira tuentur;
 Hi, quibus affixum est a bibaptismate nomen:
 All, in a word, qui se oppressos most heavily credunt
 Legibus injustis, test-oathibus atque profanis;
 While high-church homines in ease et luxury vivunt;
 Et placeas, postas, mercedes, munia, gras pant!

Hi cuncti keen were; fari aut pugnare parati
 Prisca pro causa. Bravus Beaufoius heros
 Adfuit, et Sawbridge austerus, et ater Adairi
 Vultus, Burgoyne et frons pallida. Proximus illi
 Wat son grandiloquus; post hunc, argutus Jeffries,

Those, who relish the tenets of daring Socinus;
 Those, to whom the Clarke-Arian doctrine divine is;
 Those, who still the dark myst'ries of Calvin defend;
 And those, who for second immersions contend:
 All, in short, who believe they have cause to complain
 Of Statutes unjust, and of Test-oaths profane;
 While churchmen in ease and in luxury live,
 And grasp ev'ry gift that the nation can give!

Keen, keen were we all, or to speak, or to fight,
 For what we conceived to be every man's right.
 Th' heroic Beaufoius appear'd at our head,
 As ready as ever the phalanx to lead.
 The grave and grim alderman Sawbridge was there,
 And the hard-coloured visage of Serjeant Adair,
 Pale Burgoyne, and stout Wat son with stentor-like voice,
 And Jeffries, our chair-man—most worthy our choice.

Perdignus Chairman—et post hunc FOXIUS ipse ;
 FOXIUS, eloquii nostro Demosthenis ævo
 Unicus adfertor ; et libertatis amator
 Unicus ; et nondum venalis !—Plaudite, cives !
 Plaudite magnanimum concivem ; plaudite verum
 Humani juris ultorem ; et ducite plausus
 Ter ternos, donec reboabunt voce columnæ.

Nec taceam Milford, Hayward ; Brandhollis et illum
 Cui Saxum est nomen * ; sed cui non faxeus est heart ;
 Aut placidos Thorntons, aut asperitate carentem
 Shore, aut solertem populum suspendere naso
 Toulmin, aut prædictum in sacro codice † Payneum !

By him sat the MAN, who was born to maintain
 Undeiled and inviolate Liberty's fane ;
 The Man, the man only, in whom we admire
 Demosthenes' force and Demosthenes' fire ;
 The man, whom alone not the wearers of crowns
 Can draw from his duty by smiles or by frowns !
 Shout, citizens, shout ; let the plaudit go round,
 Till pillars and portals re-echo the found.

Nor can I in silence pass over some others ;
 Brand-Hollis, Hayward, and the Thornton brothers ;
 Shore, Milford, young Towgood as tall as a steeple ;
 Sly Toulmin, accusom'd to sneer at the people ;
 And Him with a hard flinty name *—but whose heart
 Is as soft and as sweet as a Damascene tart ;
 With Payne, whom the learned, by fair calculation,
 Find fully predicted † in John's *Revelation* !

* Mr. Stone.

† This alludes to a gentleman's having, by way of joke, found in the name of John Augustus Payne the Apocalyptical number of Antichrist, 666.

Quid referam Cleri clarissima nomina? Reefum,
 Lindsæum, Kippis, conspicillisque Toërum
 Insignem, et (woe's me!) violentâ forte coactum
 Bellshamum*; niveo candentem pectore Disney;
 Et Price, humani generis totius amicum.

Non aderas, Priestley!—potior te cura tenebat
 Rure, ubi, magna inter centum miracula rerum,
 Horslæi caput in rutilantia fulmina forgis;
 Sulphuris et fatagis subtilia grana parare,
 Church quibus, et church-men in cœlum upblowere possis†.

What need I, my Brother, what need I to name
 Our clerical gentlemen, blazon'd by fame?
 Biographical Kippis, Cyclopedic Rees,
 And Tow'rs—with his spectacles on, if you please—
 Good Lindsay so sober, severe and sedate;
 And Bellsham* (what pity!) the slave of blind fate;
 Sweet Disney, in manners and morals refin'd;
 And Price, the benevolent friend of man-kind.

What kept you, my Priestley, from gracing our dome?
 A better employment detains you at home:
 Where you fabricate bolts, and you meditate blows
 At Horsley, and Horne, and Hawkins, and Howes;
 And tons of sulphureous powder† prepare
 To blow up the church, and church-men in the air!

* Mr. Bellsham is a Necessarian.

† Metaphorical powder only.—See his letter to Mr. Pitt.

Sedimus ad ternas tabulas longo ordine postas,
 Et mappis mundis coveratas : et china-plattis,
 Spoonibus, et knivis sharpis, furcisque trifulcis
 Stratas ; cum largis glaffis, vinoque repletis
 Bottellis, faltis, vinigarique cruetis.

Tandem Caupo ipfus, magnâ comitante catervâ
 Servorum, intravit lætus, rectèque catinos
 Deposuit lautos et magni ponderis.—Jamjam
 Surrexit Mystes, palmisque oculisque levatis
 Ad cælos, Numen votis precibusque rogavit
 Ut nobis nostrisque epulis benedicere vellet.

At nine times nine tables, ranged nine in a row ;
 And covered with table-cloths whiter than snow
 We sat.—On the tables were orderly laid
 For each-one a *spoon*, and a *fork*, and a *blade* :
 With *salts*, *cruets*, *mustard-pots* all in a cluster ;
 And rare *China-plates*, manufactur'd at *Wor'ster* :
 Nor wanting were *glaffes*, and *bottles* of wine—
 In a word—it was clear, we intended to *dine*.

And now our good host, with his jolly round face,
 And twenty smart waiters, came in with a grace ;
 All bearing some badge of their proper profession,
 And moving as slow as a Popish procession :
 While Master's own hand, with a skill I'm not able
 To paint, laid each ponderous dish on the table.

Then up stood a parson ; and rais'd to the skies
 The palms of his hands, and the whites of his eyes ;
 Intreating that Heaven would hear a poor sinner,
 And send down a blessing on us, and our dinner.

Extemplo coveris sublatiis, atque reiectis
 Viandis calidis, omnes apprendimus arma;
 Impetu et unanimi prostrata in fercula fertur.

Quam vehemens onfet, frages quamque exitiales
 Edidimus, Mufa! tu dicere fola valebis.

Dic, firft, quas acies e contra infruxerat hoftis?
 Bos ingens, pinguis, torvus; qui fronte minaci
 Cocknæos olim timidos frightaverat omnes:
 Nunc butcherorum manibus, flammaque fubactus,
 Nulli eft terribilis; facilem præbetque triumphum
 Imbelli cuivis fartori, fhoemakerove!
 Hunc fimul aggreffi fex fortes Cheapfideani
 (Talibus adfueti pugnis) in fruftula fhlaftant!

The covers remov'd, and difcover'd to view
 The piping-hot viands; our fabres we drew:
 And, displaying a courage, which nothing could quell,
 On the enemy's front we, unanimous, fell.
 How furious our onfet; what havoc we made;
 By the Mufe Macaronic alone can be faid.

Say, firft, who was he who led on the proud foe?
 A Lancashire Ox—who, but eight days ago,
 Made many a cockney to run like a thief;
 Now, metamorphofed from a bullock to beef,
 Is no more a terrour:—a cobler or taylor
 Might face him and fight him—nor boast of their valour.
 Six Heroes of Cornhill, (who, often before,
 Their hands had imbrued in *bovinian* gore)
 Invade him at once; and, in lefs than three trices,
 Cut up the poor Ox into three hundred flices!

Huic bini vituli subjuncti ; nulla dedêre
 Valoris signa aut mugitus σφοδρæ tremendos :
 Hos igitur subigunt prentice-boys atque scholares.

Tres tum lanigeri, lanâ at jam tum spoliati,
 Apparent ; adeo fed tame, ancillula ut illos
 (Illorum BA, BA, non territa) cædere posset :
 Et cædi a quovis sese sunt fillily passi !

Hos porci totidem (hammati plerumque) sequuntur ;
 Cum sex porcellis, heu nuper ab ubere matrum
 Cruelly subtractis, et sæva in prælia missis.
 Illorum visu, subito et simul, impetus ingens
 Factus ; et in parvo momento temporis, omnes
 Porci et porcelli lacerati πρῶτον jacebant.

A pair of proud calves, who to aid him appear'd,
 Had nothing about them, to make them be fear'd :
 So a 'prentice from Hoxton, and scholar from Hackney,
 Attack'd and subdued them—*vulnerint necne ! **

Three wool-bearers next, though despoil'd of their wool,
 Appear in the field ; but so tame and so dull,
 That a boarding-school miss, unafraid of their bleating,
 With her fan, or her fist, might have giv'n them a beating.
 A beating, accordingly, soon they receiv'd :
 By any one next them, the feat was atchiev'd.

A similar number of hamified hogs ;
 And double that number of sweet little rogues,
 Their innocent children—but that very morn
 From the breasts of their mothers most cruelly torn
 And forc'd to the combat—encounter our view :
 A sight might have tempted the jaws of a Jew !
 With ardour unanimous on them we rush ;
 And hoglings and hogs in a minute we crush.

* That is, ladies ; *in spite of their necks.*

Sex pavidī lepores; pavidī sex postea coneys
 Segniter accedunt; humiles et pignora pacis
 Poscere suppliciter vultu gestuque videntur.
 In vain! nam nullam veniam dabit angrius hostis,
 Sic coneys leporesque unam subiēre ruinam.

Haecenus agminibus folis cum quadrupedatis
 Certatum—nunc jam memora, quibus aspera pugna
 Birdis cum aëriis orta est, fishisque marinis.

Amnicola imprimis grandævus prodiit anser
 (Anser centenum qui jam reachaverat annum)
 Ut Nestor sapiens; yet still animosus ut Ajax!
 Hunc tamen aggreditur certus great, great City-grocer
 Solus, et in quatuor (multo sudore fluente)
 Defecuit partes! populorum non sine plausu.

Six hares and fix rabbits, with symptoms of fear,
 Come forward together, and bring up the rear:
 But, seeing such carnage committed before,
 They, flat on their faces, our pity implore:
 In vain they implore, for We, deaf to their pray'rs,
 Involve in one ruin both rabbits and hares.

The four-footed *beasts* being routed, our souls
 Are eager to fight with the two-footed *fowls*.
 A gander, the glory of Huntington-green;
 Who almost a cent'ry of summers had seen:
 As Nestor experienc'd, as Diomed brave,
 Step'd forth, like Goliath, their credit to save.
 But a great City-Grocer, up-snatching his knife,
 Encounter'd the foe at the risk of his life;
 And, sweating and swearing not quite half an hour,
 Triumphantly sever'd the gander in four.

Anseri in auxilium Duckorum pairs veniunt sex
 Plumporum, fattorum, in prima flore juventæ;
 Sed quibus æque animi defecit, corporis et vis—
 Twelve illos manly Striplingi streight jugularunt.

Tres Turcæ, quondam thrasones atque tyranni
 Cortis, et ora etiam gestantes plena minarum,
 Procedunt (magicis guardatis breastibus herbis)
 Et, shame! shame! nostris audent defy dare trouppis.
 Cujusvis nostrûm, subita tumuit jecur irâ;
 Utpote qui Christo dederamus nomina, et omnem
 Turcarum infidam teneamur perdere gentem.
 Arreptas, igitur, lævis jam sanguine tinctas
 Plungimus illorum scelerata in pectora furcas;

A dozen of Ducks, in the flow'r of their age,
 (Each as fat and as plump as a bird in a cage)
 Came waddling to succour their chief, in the war;
 But, their courage and strength being near on a par,
 Their succour was naught—Them twelve striplings assail'd.
 And, wond'rous to mention, the striplings prevail'd.

Three Turkies, (who formerly, in the *basse-court*,
 Had, like the bashaws of the Ottoman Porte,
 Been blustering tyrants—and still, I declare,
 Affected a menacing Turkish-like air)—
 Their breasts being guarded with magical charms,
 Came on, and defied us to meet them in arms.
 This daring defiance inspir'd ev'ry breast
 With the sence of a soldier, and zeal of a priest:
 For the title of Christian obliges, you know,
 To *infidel* nations no mercy to shew;
 Our forks with our left hands We therefore embrace,
 And plunge in the hearts of this infidel race;

Dum simul invictis ferra fulgentia dextris
 Stringimus, et tremulos magna vi cædimus hostes.
 Non ipse, Austriacas acies qui nuper ad arcem
 Instruxit Belgrade, Laudohnius, eximiozem
 Obtinuit palmam, vel plus memoranda trophæa ;
 Quam nos in clade hac memoranda Turciniana !

Gallini generis struttantis maxima venit
 Turma ; ast Gallini generis quid turma valeret
 Maxima pugnantis cum bold, bravisque Britannis ?
 Non citius quondam De-Grassî maxima flotta
 Gallorum boasta, Anglorum virtute subacta est ;
 Quam nos Gallinam hanc gentem subjecimus omnem !

Perdices, Merulas, Turdos, Larkosque canoros
 Quid memorem ; Cleri manibus plerumque subactos ?

Whilst our bright-burnish'd blades (in our right hands of course)
 Slash the tremulous foe, with Herculean force.
 Not Laudohn himself, at the siege of Belgrade,
 Such slaughter of Turks and of Saracens made ;
 Nor so great and so glorious a victory gain'd,
 As we, by this slaughter of Turkies, obtain'd.

Of Cocks and of Capons a numberless throng,
 Like their *Gallican* name fakes, came strutting along :
 But what can or struttings, or numbers avail,
 Where the bold sons of Britain in earnest affail ?
 Not sooner the fleet of De Grasse, the vain boast
 Of Gaul—was demolish'd by Rodney's brave host—
 Than we—*hearts of oak*—on this signal occasion,
 Subdued, and demolish'd a whole Gallic nation !

I say nothing of Partridges, Throsses and Larks,
 Subdued by the hands of our Clerical sparks.

Tum cum pinniferis pugnandum erat ordine fishis :
 Sed hæc non fuit aut perlonga aut aspera pugna.
 Nam, licet, one Coddus fauces monstravit hiantes ;
 Et qui in cæruleis valde terribilis undis
 Haud dubium fuerat ; sed nunc ex æquore tractus
 Nolens, et ficco jussus conflare campo,
 Tam fessus, fragilis, fractus seemabat et excors,
 Illum ut non infans vel lactens jam timuisset.
 Nullo adeo nifu bankeri Clerkius illum,
 Ferro non duro sed silverspoone subegit !

Turbam aliam ignavam fishorum et fishiculorum ;
 Squatinas, Rhombos, Haddocos et Makarellos,
 Whitingos, Carpos, et parvo corpore Smeltos,
 Et Sprattos minimos—opus haud est commemorare.

The sea-faring fishes came, next, into play :
 But this was a short and unserious fray.
 A Cod, it is true, with his wide-open jaws,
 Shew'd some inclination, to stand, in the cause :
 And, sure, while the monster remain'd in the sea,
 He could not well fail, but tremendous to be :
 But, dragg'd from the waves, by superiour command,
 And oblig'd to encounter his foes—on dry land ;
 So feeble he look'd—that a baby, in truth,
 Might venture its innocent hand in his mouth !
 A young Banker's Clerk—not with iron spontoon—
 Subdued the poor Cod—but with soft silver spoon.

Of fishes and fishlings the dastardly tribe
 That follow'd their leader—what need I describe ?
 The Turbot so tender—the Flounder so flat—
 The Whiting so fair—and the Mack'el so fat—
 The small-bodied Smelt—and the minikin Sprat.

Parva illi laus est, tales qui fuderit hostes.

Lobsterus tantum, loricae tegmine fretus,
Obstitit, et renuit, nullo certamine, vinci.
Tunc Ego belligero Mavorti hoc voveo votum:

" Ἀρες, Ἀρες! βροτολοιγε, μισαιφονε, τειχεσιπλητα!

" Si mihi Lobsteri thoracem findere dones

" Et duras braccas—fragmenta, ut spolia opima,

" Hisce tuis aris manibus suspenſa videbis!"

Hoc voto emisso, et presenti numine factus

Couragior, fistum clinchatum et napkine tectum

Erexi; et, quatuor repetitis ictibus, hostem

Smashavi!—nihil huic durissima tegmina profunt.

But little applause to the warrior is due,

Who conquers and kills such an impotent crew.

A Lobster alone, in his panoply sheath'd,
Withstood; and defiance audaciously breath'd.

With fire in mine eye, and with rage in my breast,

This vow to th' armipotent God I address'd:

" MARS, MARS; thou Man-slaughterer, Bather-in-blood,

" And Breaker-of-walls!—if thou'lt be but so good

" As grant me at present, at present, to pierce

" That Philistine Lobster, so fell and so fierce;

" These hands, as a trophy shall hang on thine altar,

" The spoils---or, if not, let me die in a halter."

So saying, and feeling my courage to grow,

I burn to encounter this insolent foe.

Then wrapping my fist in a napkin, I rear'd

My puissant right arm, up as high as my beard;

Then struck at the Lobster—and, at the fourth stroke,

His corslet, and cuirass, and cuishes I broke.

Sic pugna est finita, et sic victoria parta est.

Sed qui quod sequitur, nefandum, dicere possim?
 Nam, non contenti lautis, quas præda relata
 Exhibuit plenty in, dapibus; pane atque potatis,
 Caulibus, et raphanis, lactucis brocoliisque,
 Cum pomis, piris, orangibus atque racemis:
 Ipsos, indignum! Victos voravimus Hostes!

Placatis stomachis latrantibus, atque feroci
 Ingluvie expletâ; properamus ad *ispa* Bacchi
 Rite absolvenda, et burnantem extinguere thirstum.

Tam justis moti causis, simul et reputantes
 Quæ madness fuerit perituris parcere flaskis;
 Arripimus glassas, largosque ducimus haustus

Thus ended the battle—but how shall I tell
 What, after the battle was ended, befel?
 Not content with the plenteous provisions, that lay
 Before us, and were our legitimate prey;
 Bread, butter, potatoes, coles, cabbages, roots,
 Pears, oranges, apples, and all sorts of fruits:
 Like Egyptians of old, or Caffres of late,
 Ah me! We our *vanquished enemies* ate!

The barkings of hunger appeas'd; we incline
 To pay our devotions at Bacchus's shrine.
 Thus impell'd by Religion, as *motive* the first;
 And, as *motive* the second, by hot-burning Thirst:
 Confid'ring, besides, what a madness it were
 The, otherwise perishing, flaggons to spare;
 Each filling his bumper, according to law,
 Large draughts of the care-killing liquor we draw.

Lenæi laticis—Primumque ex vite *Madaira*
 Fæcunda, forti, generosa, pocula bina
 REGIS et in regis SPONSÆ sorbemus honorem;
 Tertia Cambrorum, summa cum laude, litatur
 PRINCIPIS eximii genio festivo et amico;
 PRINCIPIS, Anglorum decoris; quo sospite, nunquam
 Res nostras lostas, everlaque jura putabo.

Tum, tum, *Sherræum* genuinum poscimus; atque
 Grandibus ad brimnum bumperis usque repletis,
 Surgimus; et magno præcone sonante boatu
 "FOXIUS!" exemplo pateras haurimus ad imum,
 Et novies *Hurra!* simul omnes vociferamus.

And, first of *Madiera*, strong, gen'rous and true,
 We quaff up a bumper, dread SOV'REIGN! to you.
 A second full bumper (how could we do less?)
 We quaff to your SPOUSE, and our SOV'REIGNNESS.
 A third to the PRINCE, with incredible glee,
 We quaff up—and crown it with cheers three times three;
 To the PRINCE, who alive, I will ever maintain;
 Our affairs are not desp'rate—our hopes are not vain:
 To the PRINCE who, if ever he come to a throne,
 Will the rights of a subject hold dear as his own.

Now loudly for genuine *Sherry* we ask:
 When, charging anew from a fresh-open'd flask,
 We stand; and on hearing our herald proclaim
 "The MAN of the people's" illustrious NAME,
 We gulp down the draught; and, most gladsome and gay,
 We nine times repeat, altogether, "*Hurra!*"

Beaufoio, et reliquis conscriptis patribus, anno
Elapso nostram qui jam tuiti fuerant rem,
Glassâ epotatâ largâ, omnia fausta precamur.

“Fæcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?”
Verè olim dixit, quisquis fuit ille, poëta.
Jam cupimus cuncti sua quæ sit copia fandi
Monstrare, et quæ vis ardentia cudere dicta.

Thick-magnus sed homo (cui nomen, credo *Bevellus*)
Upstartans medio, super et subfellia scandens,
Totî conventûs oculos atque ora trahebat.
Breech-pocket one hand fills; tortam tenet altera chartam;
Chartam morosis plenam sharpisque Resolvis.

Beaufoius, and some other senators too,
Who, on former occasions, to give them their due,
Had defended our cause—though they nothing had for’t—
We gratefully toasted in bumpers of *Port*.

“Who has not been eloquent made by a glass?”
Said truly that poet—whoever he was.
Inspir’d with good liquor, ambitious we grow
Our rare oratorical talents to shew;
But Bevell (or Favell) a man thick and tall,
Getting up on a bench, got the start of us all.
To him was directed each eye and each ear:
He eager to speak—and *we* eager to hear.
One hand fills breech-pocket; the other a scroll
Holds waving aloft, in the form of a roll:
In which were contain’d, as we afterwards knew,
Of *sharp* and *satyric* Resolves—not a few.

Tum pandit big-mouthum—atque, O! quæ grandia verba
 Protulit hic noster Cicero!—Mea Musa negaret
 Vel decimam illorum, quæ dixit, dicere partem.

Sed tamen, ut creb⁶ vel facundissima verba,
 Si fuerint nimia atque ad rem paulum adsimulata,
 Dislikam generant—sic tunc genuere—Repente
 Auditur strepitus discors; dum, voce sonorâ,
 Pars una *Hear, hear him! Move! move!* Pars altera clamat
Move! move! prævaluit tamen; et, though greatly reluctant,
 Orator vehemens fit lector frigidus—atque
 Undenas promit tardè torvèque Resolvas.

Then op'ning his mouth, which was not very small;
 He began, like another Mark-Tully, to bawl.
 Such fine things he said, and so many—my muse,
 If I wish'd to relate them—her leave would refuse.
 But as words the most honey'd, like honey, will tire;
 If forc'd on the stomach against its desire:
 So happen'd it here---A dislike soon appear'd;
 And mumpings and murm'ings were ev'ry-where heard.
 Our discord, at length, we can no longer smother:
Hear, hear him! roars one; *Move, move!* roars another.
Move-move gets the better, as being more loud;
 While *Hear-him*, poor *Hear-him*, is drown'd in the croud.
 So our *Rhetor* so veh'ment, so warm and so bold,
 Is turn'd to a *Reader* insipid and cold;
 And, compell'd to abandon his figures and tropes,
 The dry Resolutions reluctantly opes.

Protinus, ut mos est, motum vox una secundat
 Laudibus et tollit miris—Iratus Adairus
 Surgit; et, aptato periwig, grandi ore profatur:
 " Quis furor, o cives! quæ vos dementia cepit;
 " Ut tam pacificas epulas turbare velitis?
 " Non, vanis verbis pretiosum spendere tempus:
 " Adsumus—Eja ergo, ventosum wagere bellum
 " Cessemus; sedem et propriam jam quisque resumat:
 " Et, curis vacui, media de nocte bibamus!—
 " Impransi, melius res magnas discutiemus."

Subsequitur plausus magnus—sed non generalis:
 Nam quidam expresse venere, ut speechificarent.

A person appearing to second the motion,
 And praising Resolves with a deal of devotion;
 Adair, quite impatient, got up, and look'd big:
 Then, hemming, and fitting his wisdom-like wig;
 Exclaim'd, in a tone of most just indignation:
 " What madness, O citizens! what fascination
 " Possesses your senses, that thus you'd destroy
 " The peace of a meeting devoted to joy?
 " Believe me, the most of us do not attend
 " In vile altercation the moments to spend.
 " Come, then, let all quarrels be hush'd: and be far
 " From our festive enjoyment all word-windy war.
 " Resume we our seats—let the bumpers go round:
 " Another occasion, to *think*, will be found;
 " For the poet was right, if I rightly opine,
 " Who said, *let us reason, my friends, ere we dine.*

A great—but not general—shout of applause
 Ensued—" Why not general?"—Brother!—because

Hos inter juvenis fervens Mancastrius unus,
 Nomine Cooperus, tales dedit ore loquelas.
 " Shall homines, Chairman! pluvioso tempore longum
 " Carpere iter, longam atque infomnes ducere noctem;
 " Et nihil say, nihil do?—Proh! Jupiter; haut ita; no, no!
 " Ergo egomet, mecum et plus centum millia more, Sir!
 " Dicimus omnimodo passandas esse Resolvas.
 " Non adeo multum, Chairman, potavimus usque
 " Ut non possimus de magnis thinkere rebus.
 " Ergo iterum dico, passandas esse Resolvas!
 " Dico passandas, passandas esse Resolvas!"

His olli verbis, ridens, respondet ADAIRUS:
 " Pitya magna quidem est, infomnes tot parasangas
 " Mensurasse viæ; rixis implere molestis
 " Aulam hanc; turbare et tam convivalia festa!

A number were purposely present to try
 How well and how warmly they could—*speech-i-fy*.
 'Mong these a bold Youth, with a Manchester stare,
 Got up, and address'd himself thus to the chair:
 " Shall gentlemen travel o'er roads dark and deep;
 " And pass the whole night without slumber or sleep;
 " To nothing say, nothing do?—No, by Jove, no!
 " I say, Mr. Chairman, it shall not be so.
 " I vote the Resolves; and, remember, in me
 " Ten myriads of North-country voters you see;
 " I vote the Resolves!—Do you think, Sir, that drink
 " Has made us already unable to think?
 " I say it has not—and again and again,
 " That all the Resolves ought to pass, I maintain."

To this the good Serjeant reply'd, with a smile:
 " What pity; that, sleepless, so many a mile
 " A man should have measur'd; for no other end
 " Than this peaceful mansion with quarrels to rend?

- " Profecto fatius multo remanere fuisset
 " At home cum teneris uxoribus, atque puellis;
 " Quam tales medio in conventu emittere voces.
 " Concordes quoniam convenimus, rupta querelis
 " Nullis sit quæso concordia.—Cumque parati
 " Non simus, decet ut, tot discussare Refolvas:
 " Vah, curas vanas!—ad pocula, friends, redeamus."

Pluribus hæc placuit sententia; jamque finistris
 Emptæas glassas manibus graspamus, ut illas
 Fragranti ex testa implemus Burdigalensi;
 Cum Doctor, perverso agitatus dæmone, Fellus
 Omnia spoilavit—nam bencha stans super alta,
 Verba quidem four four, fatis at facunda profatur.

- " Far better at home with his babes and his wife
 " Remain, than be thus the promoter of strife
 " In such an assembly.—Since, then, we are here
 " As friends, let us not as vile wranglers appear:
 " And, since we are not, as we should be, prepared
 " Such Resolves to discuss; let our rhet'ric be spared
 " For some other season.—At present, let's spurn
 " All care—and, at once, to our glasses return."

The most of us shout our applause, and prepare
 In tumblers of *claret* to drown ev'ry care:
 When up starts a little black doctor, call'd Fell;
 (Inspired, I believe, by some demon from hell)
 And spoils all our pleasure.—For, placed on a bench,
 He thunder'd away, like a Billingsgate wench.
 Though four were his words, as a doctor's should be,
 Yet they wanted not strength—as the reader will see.

" Serjeanti docto nolo concedere, Chairman!
 " Nos non prepar'd are omnes discutere pointas
 " Propositas—Quare nam! Anne illas primum hodie dum
 " Versamus mente in?—Quartus jam volvitur annus,
 " Ex quo iterum atque iterum, plerique revolvimus omnes
 " Illarum nexus et nodos.—Nec mihi quisquam
 " Hoc neget—At, forsan, dicat quis! *Esto, quid inde?*
 " *Idcircone juvat lites motare feroces*
 " *Festa inter, sævasque animis concordibus iras*
 " *Fundere?* Responsum hoc habeat. Discordia si quæ
 " Exoritur parva; hinc non, mihi crede, timendum
 " Evilum minimum; sed erit certamen amicum
 " Friends inter tantum—Num non, num non, sumus omnes
 " Dissenters?—Num non, num non causa omnibus una est?
 " Ergo meum votum est, passandas esse Resolvas."

" To the serjeant most learned, I cannot allow,
 " That we're unprepar'd to discuss, even now,
 " The question before us. For tell me, I pray,
 " Was the question ne'er thought of 'till this very day?
 " Four years are elapsed, since first we began
 " The subject in all its relations to scan:
 " All its folds have been search'd, all its knots been untied,
 " Again and again. Nor can this be denied.
 " But, perhaps, ye will say, *what of that? Is it fit*
 " *This social assembly in parties to split*
 " *By quarrelsome motions?* I answer with ease,
 " Small harm, ye may trust me, from quarrels like these
 " (If quarrels they ought to be call'd) can accrue.
 " Are we not all Dissenters, and have the same view?
 " Therefore I most heartily rank in the class
 " Of those who opine the Resolves ought to pass."

" Brave !" turba exclamat vecors—Prudentior autem
 Pars fhakare caput vifa est, et wryere mouthum.
 Interea Watfon sese (Saulus velut alter
 In medio populi) raifans, ora et rubicunda
 Oftendens; hæc est festivâ voce locutus :
 " Quid refert omnes Diffenters esse, et eandem
 " Caufam agere, inter vos fi tantum diffidium fit ?
 " Hic: *Move! Move!*—Ille: *Hear! Hear!*—*Vote! Vote!* intonat
 alter;
 " Dum verè moderati homines know not what to think on't;
 " Much lefs, what to fay to't—For fhame, cefsemus, amici,
 " Deprecor, altifonis confumere tempora verbis.
 " Dico Comitæo referendas esse Refolvas
 " In toto—Mihi fit permiffum hoc edere votum."

" *Brave! brave!*" cry the croud; while the prudenter part
 By the fhake of their head, fhew the fenfe of their heart.
 When Watfon, moft timeoufly rofe in his place,
 And fhewing himfelf and his rubicund face
 To all the affembly, in good-natur'd guife,
 To the Doctör's Philippic, as followeth, replies:
 " What boots it, my friends, that Diffenters we be,
 " And have the fame views, if we cannot agree ?
 " What ear can encounter each discrepant note ?
 " One, *Hear! Hear!*—*Move! Move!* cries another—*Vote! Vote!*
 " Cries a third—while the moderate few, lack-a-day!
 " Know not well what to think on't; much lefs what to fay.
 " I therefore befeech you, give ear to my ditty:
 " 'Tis my wifh, the Refolves be refer'd to Committee."

"Cunctorum est votum:" we cry as loud as we can cry;
 Loud sed as our cry was, non terruit ille Toërum;
 Qui, indignum ratus confectum perdere speechum,
 Upstetit, et tabulam mountans super, haud sine nifu,
 Strokavit ventrem, verba et ructare paravit.
 Et quamquam quater interruptus vocibus altis
 Clamantûm: "*Move! Move!*" tandem patulas tamen aures
 Obtinuit; satis et provectam fecit haranguam:
 Sed qualem ignoro. Nam sum furdusculus; atque
 Musa then exierat cœlestem sippere thæam,
 Res alias parvas doëre et; tandemque reversa est,
 Rhetoris ut labiis exhibant ultima verba.
 Sed tamen, if fas sit externis conjecturam
 Ducere de signis; certo supponere fas est,
 Speechum hoc bittërum, potius quam suave, fuisse.

" 'Tis the wish of us all," we exclaim, from *our* table,
 As loud and as long as e'er we are able.
 Yet, loud as was this exclamation of ours,
 It did not from speaking deter Doctor Tow'rs.
 Indignant to think, he must lose a fine speech,
 The rostrum he mounts, and prepareth to preach;
 (First stroking his belly) and though the dire noise
 Of *Move, Move!* four times interrupted his voice;
 At length he was heard by his rude congregation,
 And allow'd to deliver a good long oration.
 But what was its substance I could not make out;
 I'm deafish—the orator's face was about;
 And the muse had, unluckily, just gone away
 To sip, with the gods, her celestial tea;
 And only return'd, to my no small vexation,
 When the doctor was closing, alas! his oration.
 However, from signs, if we dare to conjecture,
 There was more of the *rue* than the *rose* in his lecture.

Pauci adeo plausus.—Multo pejora sed illi,
 Fari qui post hunc tentavit, fata fuere;
 Nomine (pshaw! pshaw! pshaw!) *Hubb, Hubb*—et syllaba longa.
 Ter conatus erat facunda aperire labella,
 Ter labra occludit loud vociferatio : *Down, Down!*

Tum surgit Chairman; et: “ Num placet, O! generosi
 “ Watsonis votum?”—Plerique upliftimus handas!

Sic cessant rixæ.—Sed non jam yet bonus humor
 Redditus: multi nam torvos ostendere vultus,
 Bitare et lippas, longum et deducere murmur
 Continuant; tantæ et nebulæ jamjam oriuntur
 Ut nova seemaret subito ventura procella,

Small, hence, the applause—yet, far harder the fate
 Of him who rose next, and attempted to prate.
 (Hub-house, I believe, or some similar name,
 Who from western Dissenters as deputy came)
 Three times, my dear brother, three times did the youth
 Endeavour to open his eloquent mouth:
 As often his half-born accents we drown
 In the vociferation of—*Down! Down! Down! Down!*

Our Chairman, at last put the question, and said:
 “ Are ye pleas’d, my good gents! with the motion, was made
 “ By Watson?”——“ We’re perfectly pleas’d,” we reply;
 And lift up our hands, as a sign, tow’rd the sky.

Thus peace was restor’d; yet such visible traces
 Remain’d of bad humour----such wrying of faces,
 Such biting of lips, and such multiplied murmur,
 As threaten’d a tempest more dire than the former;

Cum (Deus ut volucer cœlo delapsus ab alto)
 Foxius apparet; nimbos et dissipat omnes
 Flexanimis verbis, blandæ et dulcedine vocis.

Non, mihi tercentum linguas si cœla dedissent,
 Et calamum puro manantem nectare—non tum
 Dicere sperarem vel scribere ῥήματα posse,
 Illius ex lippis quæ mellea cunque fluebant.
 Sit satis effari, non ῥήματα vana fuisse.

Nam velut Aprili medio si quando serenum
 Turbârit cœlum Boreas, densisque nigrârit
 Nubibus; attonita et metuit Natura ruinam
 Grandineo ex nimbo—subito Sol imperat Euro
 Alipedes ut jungat equos, seseque sequatur!

When Fox, (like the messenger sent from above
 To bear the commands and the counsels of Jove)
 In such suasive accents addresses our ears,
 As dispel all the gloom, and remove all our fears.
 Were I gifted with three hundred tongues, and a pen
 Distilling the purest of nectar—not then
 Could I venture to write, or be able to tell,
 From his lips what mellifluent syllables fell.
 Suffice it to say, that they fell not in vain :—
 A simile, may be, th' effects will explain.

As when in bleak April, if Boreas blow
 O'er oceans of ice and o'er mountains of snow,
 The hail-bearing tempest; and Nature, in dread,
 Imagine, destruction hangs over her head;—
 Dan Phœbus, in pity, to Eurus his friend
 Says, " Put to my steeds, and be sure to attend."

Ipse sedens curru, radiorum spicula spargit
 Purpurea; actutum et toto densissima cœlo
 Nubila depellit—Sic tunc diffusa per aulam
 Aurea vox Foxi sævas compescuit iras,
 Et lætos hilaresque at pocula cara remisit.

Pocula furripimus.—Sed væ! væ! nulla manebant
 Ticketa *: nam Disney (Deuce take him) omnia lost had!
 Sic adeo clubbandum iterum, si vina velimus.
 Omnibus at notum est, quâ paupertatē Poeta
 Sit pressus:—cum, ergo, scirem me vix dare posse

Then, darting his rays, from his vehicle proud,
 He quickly dispels the dark menacing cloud.—
 So now, th' irresistible FOXIAN blaze,
 Superior in splendor to Phœbus's rays,
 Clears up our dark sky, and, with joy that surpasses
 Description, sends all of us back to our glasses.

Our glasses we seize—but Ohone! and Ohone *!
 Our Tickets †, our dear little Tickets were gone:
 For Disney (the devil may have him, for me)
 Had lost ev'ry one—and them all—do you see!
 So again we must club, if again we would drink;
 Now the purse of a poet's not burthen'd with *chink*,
 As ev'ry one knows very well. So, when I
 Perceiv'd that a farthing I could not supply,

* An Hibernian interjection seems very naturally to have presented itself on this occasion to the Translator, and probably led him to Hibernize through the whole period.

† It is usual to give *tickets* to the guests, on entering; which tickets entitle them to call, after dinner, for their value in wine.

Unum obolum ; tacitus surgo, furtimque galero
 Et baculo arreptis (nonam resonantibus horam
 Jam clockis, ferme et shuttatis undique shoppis)
 Dilectos repeto contentâ mente penates,
 Hæc tibi scripturus carissime—Vive valeque.

No longer 'mong *money-ful* members I sat ;
 But, furtively snatching my stick and my hat,
 And stealing down stairs, like a modest divine,
 (The shops almost shut, and the clock striking nine)
 I seek my dear garret with as much content
 As he who draws monthly a thousand pounds rent :
 And set about scribb'ling, dear brother, to you
 This rare Macaronic Epistle.—Adieu.

THE END.

